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CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

JULY
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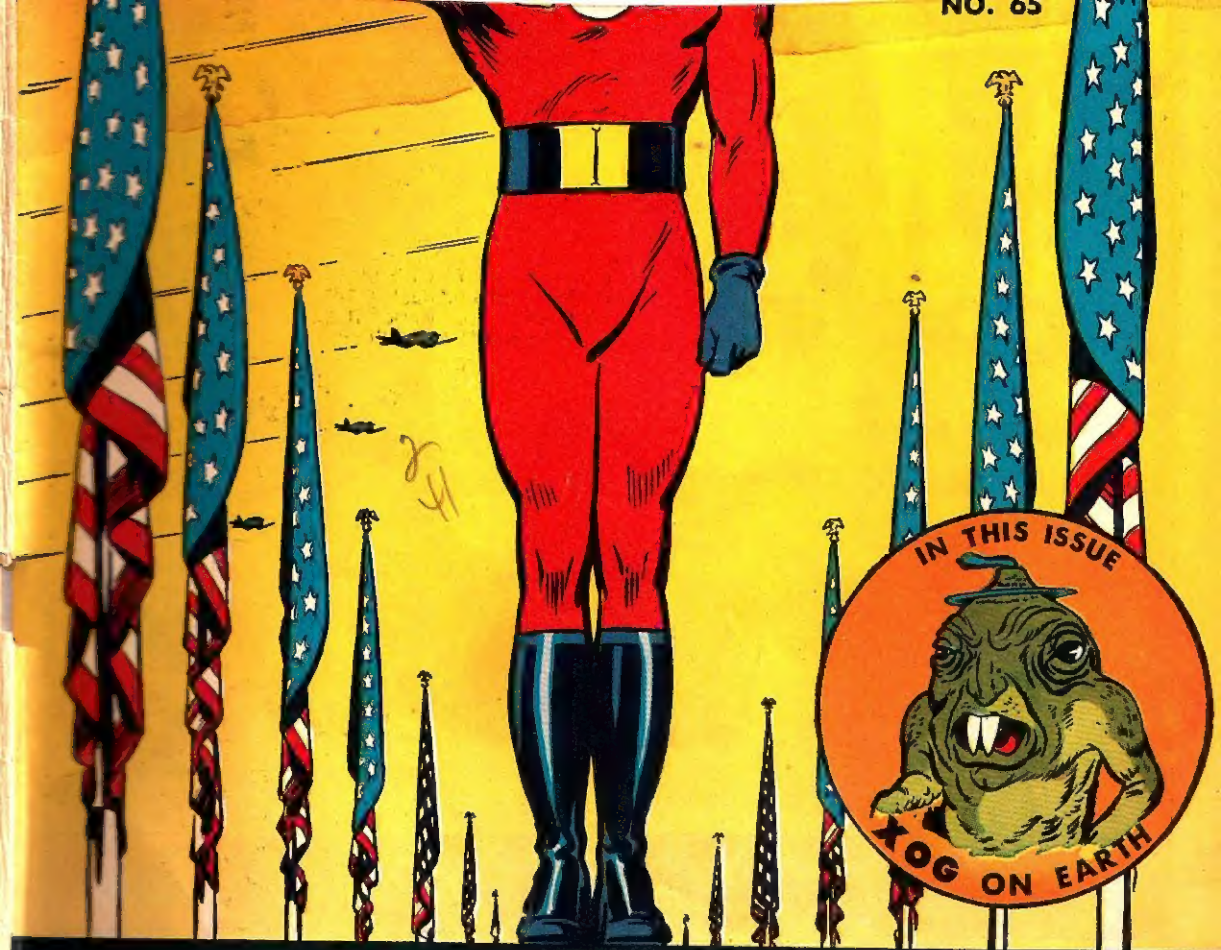
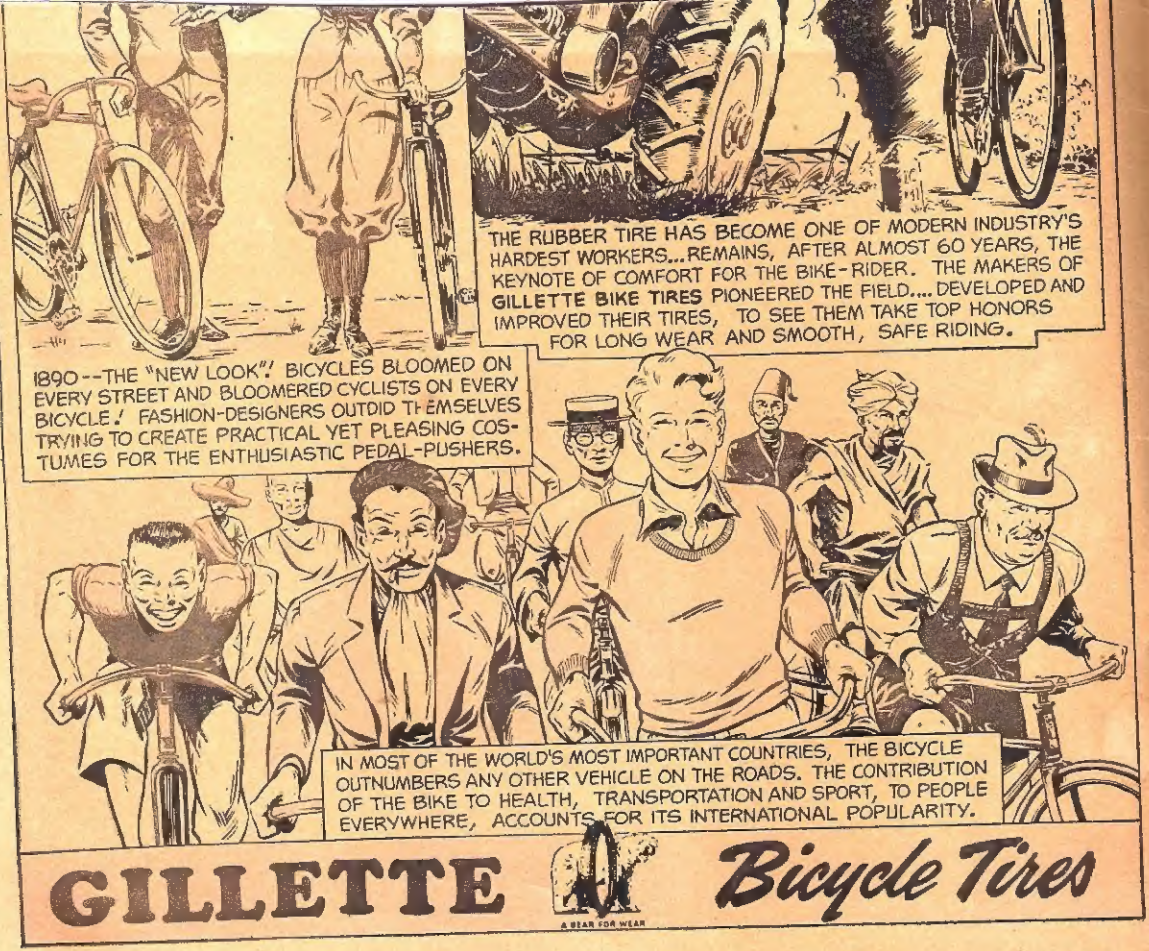
NO. 65

THE SKY-SOVEREIGN SALUTES THE LAND OF LIBERTY!

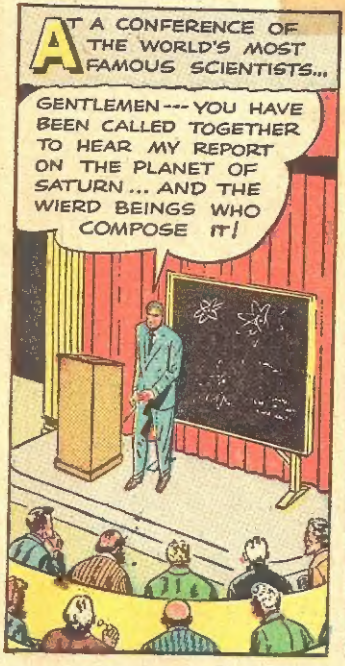
NO. 65



THE SKY-SOVEREIGN SALUTES THE LAND OF LIBERTY!


1890--THE "NEW LOOK"! BICYCLES BLOOMED ON EVERY STREET AND BLOOMERED CYCLISTS ON EVERY BICYCLE! FASHION-DESIGNERS OUTDID THEMSELVES TRYING TO CREATE PRACTICAL YET PLEASING COSTUMES FOR THE ENTHUSIASTIC PEDAL-PUSHERS.
THE RUBBER TIRE HAS BECOME ONE OF MODERN INDUSTRY'S HARDEST WORKERS... REMAINS, AFTER ALMOST 60 YEARS, THE KEYNOTE OF COMFORT FOR THE BIKE-RIDER. THE MAKERS OF GILLETTE BIKE TIRES PIONEERED THE FIELD.... DEVELOPED AND IMPROVED THEIR TIRES, TO SEE THEM TAKE TOP HONORS FOR LONG WEAR AND SMOOTH, SAFE RIDING.
IN MOST OF THE WORLD'S MOST IMPORTANT COUNTRIES, THE BICYCLE OUTNUMBERS ANY OTHER VEHICLE ON THE ROADS. THE CONTRIBUTION OF THE BIKE TO HEALTH, TRANSPORTATION AND SPORT, TO PEOPLE EVERYWHERE, ACCOUNTS FOR ITS INTERNATIONAL POPULARITY.
GILLETTE
A BEAR FOR WEAR
Bicycle Tires

1948



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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

GENTLEMEN! I MUST LEAVE YOU AT ONCE! THE UNITED STATES ATOMIC PROJECT HAS BEEN ATTACKED BY A SATURNIAN SPACE ARMY - -LED BY XOG!
CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT'S JETPLANE SPEEDS THROUGH THE SKIES...
BEFORE I MEET UP WITH XOG'S WARRIORS — I THINK I'D BETTER MAKE THE CHANGE FROM ALBRIGHT...TO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
MEANWHILE, AT THE ATOMIC PROJECT, XOG'S MINIONS ARE BUSY!
DESTROY ALL! SMASH EQUIPMENT! NOTHING MUST REMAIN!
DESTROY ALL!
WE OBEY, KING XOG!
MASTER! LOOK--- A JET PLANE!
BAH! WE FEAR NO EARTHLING --BUT ONE!
BUT THIS IS THE EARTHLING YOU FEAR, XOG!
THERE THEY ARE BELOW. I'LL TURN ON THE AUTOMATIC PILOT AND GLIDERCHUTE DOWN TO GIVE THEM A LITTLE SURPRISE --- WITH THE STABILIZER RAY!
---GOOD OLD GLIDERCHUTE! ---NOW FOR THE STABILIZER RAY!
AIEEEE! IT IS CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
THE SKY-SULTAN'S GLIDERCHUTE ENABLES HIM TO GLIDE DOWNWARD TOWARDS EARTH ON BAT-LIKE WINGS.

MIDNIGHT'S STABILIZER RAY BREAKS THE SATURNIANS DOWN TO THEIR ORIGINAL GASEOUS FORM - AND FIXES THEM PERMANENTLY IN THAT STATE!
FORM A SHIELD! PROTECT KING XOG!
THINK YOU CAN, MISTER?

THE STABILIZER RAY WREAKS DEADLY HAVOC IN THE RANKS OF THE INVADER!
MASTER! WE CANNOT WITHSTAND CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S RAY!
THEN RETREAT! INTO THE SKIES! SATURNIANS! FORM YOUR RANKS THERE!

THERE THEY GO --- BUT FOR HOW LONG? IF I ONLY KNEW WHY THEY ATTACKED THE U.S. ATOMIC PROJECT! WHAT WAS XOG'S MOTIVE?

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! WE GOT HERE AS QUICKLY AS WE COULD... BUT I SEE YOU'VE ALREADY ROUTED THE SATURNIANS...
WITH THE HELP OF THE STABILIZER RAY, MAJOR. I DON'T THINK THEY'LL DARE RETURN FOR A WHILE, SO ---

-I'M GOING TO TAKE THIS SAMPLE OF THE SATURNIAN GAS TO MY NEVADA LAB --- TO EXPERIMENT ON IT! IT MAY TELL ME WHY THEY ATTACKED THIS ATOMIC PLANT!

IN THE SKIES, BEHIND A PROTECTING CLOUD LAYER...
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT DEPARTS, MASTER!
I SEE! BUT IT IS USELESS TO ATTACK THE PLANT AGAIN! HE WILL ONLY RETURN---UNLESS WE CRUSH HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

SOON...
WELL, HERE AM I, BACK AT MY NEVADA LAB ONCE MORE... NOW TO GET TO WORK ON THIS SAMPLE OF SATURNIAN GAS!
THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT WORKS...
I'VE TRIED EVERY EXPERIMENT I KNOW ---WITHOUT RESULTS. MAYBE I'D BETTER REST FOR A FEW MOMENTS.
THIS CHAIR... FUNNY, I DON'T REMEMBER HAVING SEEN IT BEFORE---
AND NO WONDER! FOR, SUDDENLY---
WHAT TH'! THIS CHAIR---
--IS NOT REALLY A CHAIR, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE YOUR OLD FRIEND --- WHO IS ABLE TO TAKE ANY SHAPE OR FORM, AT WILL?
XOG! I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED!
I'D LIKE TO FINISH YOU OFF NOW ---BUT IT WILL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MY ARMY CRUSHES THE ATOMIC PROJECT! THE ATOM'S EXPLOSIVE POWER IS A GREATER DANGER TO THE WARRIORS OF SATURN THAN YOUR STABILIZER! BUT XOG WILL BE BACK!
SO THAT'S IT! AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION OR RADIATION WOULD PROBABLY BURN UP THE SATURNIANS---AND END THEIR POWER! NO WONDER XOG AND HIS ARMY ARE DETERMINED TO WIPE OUT THE PROJECT! WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA...

I CAN'T REACH MY STABILIZER RAY BUT IN THAT LEAD-LINED CABINET IS A SPECIMEN OF RADIOACTIVE LAVA ROCK FROM THE ALAMOGORDO EXPLOSION... NOW IF I CAN OPEN THE DOOR WITH MY FEET---
THERE! NOW TO EXPOSE MYSELF TO THE ROCK...
DELIBERATELY--- WITHOUT FEAR FOR HIS OWN LIFE --- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT EXPOSES HIMSELF TO THE DEADLY RADIOACTIVE RAY!
MY ONLY HOPE... IS THAT THE RAY... IS STRONG ENOUGH... TO DISSOLVE THE ROPE ... AND NOT ENOUGH TO KILL ME!
MEANWHILE, AT THE PLANT---
MAJOR! LOOK! IT'S XOG'S ARMY---- ATTACKING AGAIN!
QUICK! CALL CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AT HIS NEVADA LAB!
IT'S NO USE. THERE'S NO ANSWER AT THE LAB ---AND THE SATURNIANS ARE GETTING CLOSER ALL THE TIME!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT? HAS HE SUCCUMBED TO THE DEADLY EFFECTS OF THE RADIOACTIVE ROCK?
NOW! KILL ALL! DESTROY ALL!
THE HUMANS RUN, MASTER! WITHOUT MIDNIGHT THEY ARE HELPLESS AGAINST US!

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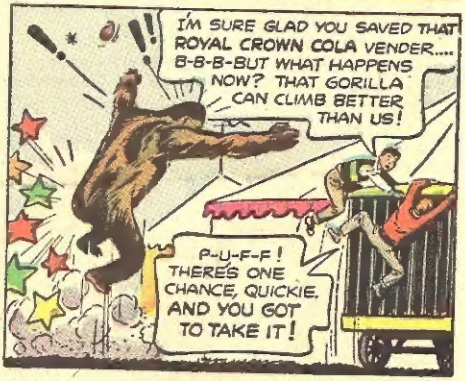
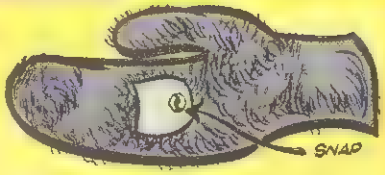
RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!



QUICKIE ENTICES THE GORILLA INTO HIS CAGE AND WITH SUPPLE, FAST MOVEMENTS WRIGGLES OUT BETWEEN THE BARS.

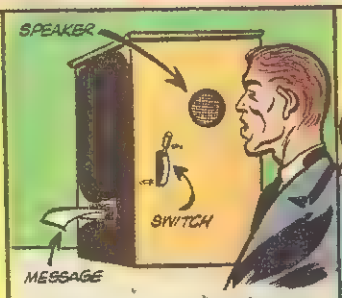
YOUR INVENTION PAGE!

Again we present some of the best inventions sent in this month by CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT readers! Your invention may be chosen next month. Send it in!



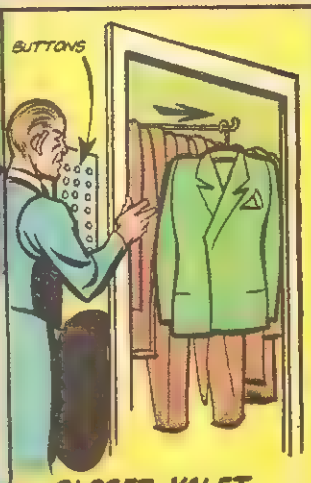
GLOVE POCKET

A SMALL UTILITY POCKET IN GLOVE WITH A FLAP SNAPPER FOR HOLDING SMALL CHANGE OR KEY IN COLD WEATHER. **INVENTOR:** MARY WILLIAMS 327 EILDWOOD; SALAMANCA, N.Y.



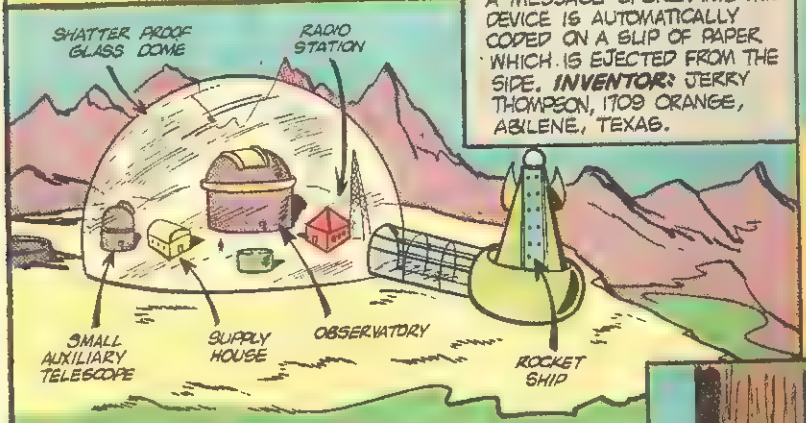
AUTOMATIC CODER

A MESSAGE SPOKEN INTO THIS DEVICE IS AUTOMATICALLY CODED ON A SLIP OF PAPER WHICH IS EJECTED FROM THE SIDE. **INVENTOR:** JERRY THOMPSON, 1709 ORANGE, ABILENE, TEXAS.



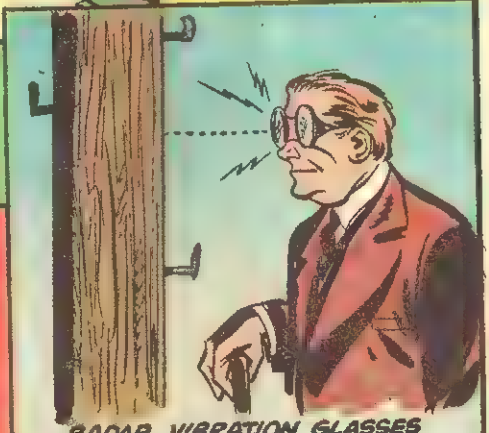
CLOSET VALET

EACH HANGER IN THIS CLOSET IS OPERATED BY A SEPARATE BUTTON. WHEN THE RIGHT BUTTON IS PRESSED, THE HANGER WITH THE DESIRED GARMENT AUTOMATICALLY SLIDES OUTWARD TOWARD THE OPERATOR. **INVENTOR:** BOBBY CAMPBELL 619 OAK ST., CLAYTON, N.M.



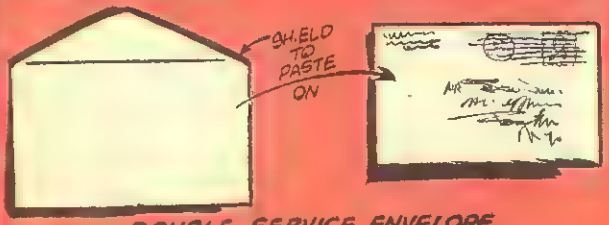
MOON OBSERVATORY

AN OBSERVATORY ON THE MOON WOULD BE OF GREAT ADVANTAGE TO SCIENCE. SINCE THE MOON HAS NO ATMOSPHERE, NO CLOUDS CAN FORM. THE TRANSPARENT DOME WILL BE OXYGEN SUPPLIED. **INVENTOR:** JACK SCROGGINS, 3033 FUTURE PL., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



RADAR VIBRATION GLASSES

THESE ESPECIALLY EQUIPPED GLASSES WHEN WORN BY BLIND PEOPLE WOULD SET UP A SLIGHT WARNING VIBRATION WHEN THEY APPROACHED OBSTACLES IN THEIR PATH. **INVENTOR:** PETE TOMLINSON, T.6, BOX 525, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA.



DOUBLE SERVICE ENVELOPE

AN UNMARKED PASTE BACK PAPER SHIELD IS ENCLOSED IN ENVELOPE WITH LETTER WHEN MAILING. IF THE RECIPIENT OPENS ENVELOPE CAREFULLY, IT MAY BE USED AGAIN BY PASTING THE PAPER SHIELD OVER ADDRESS MARKINGS. **INVENTOR:** PHILIP HERSHBERGER, 55 TEN EYCK, ALBANY, N.Y.

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT sends FREE to every contributor a personal CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT INVENTION PATENT. Send him YOUR invention at 49 West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and watch for it to appear here.

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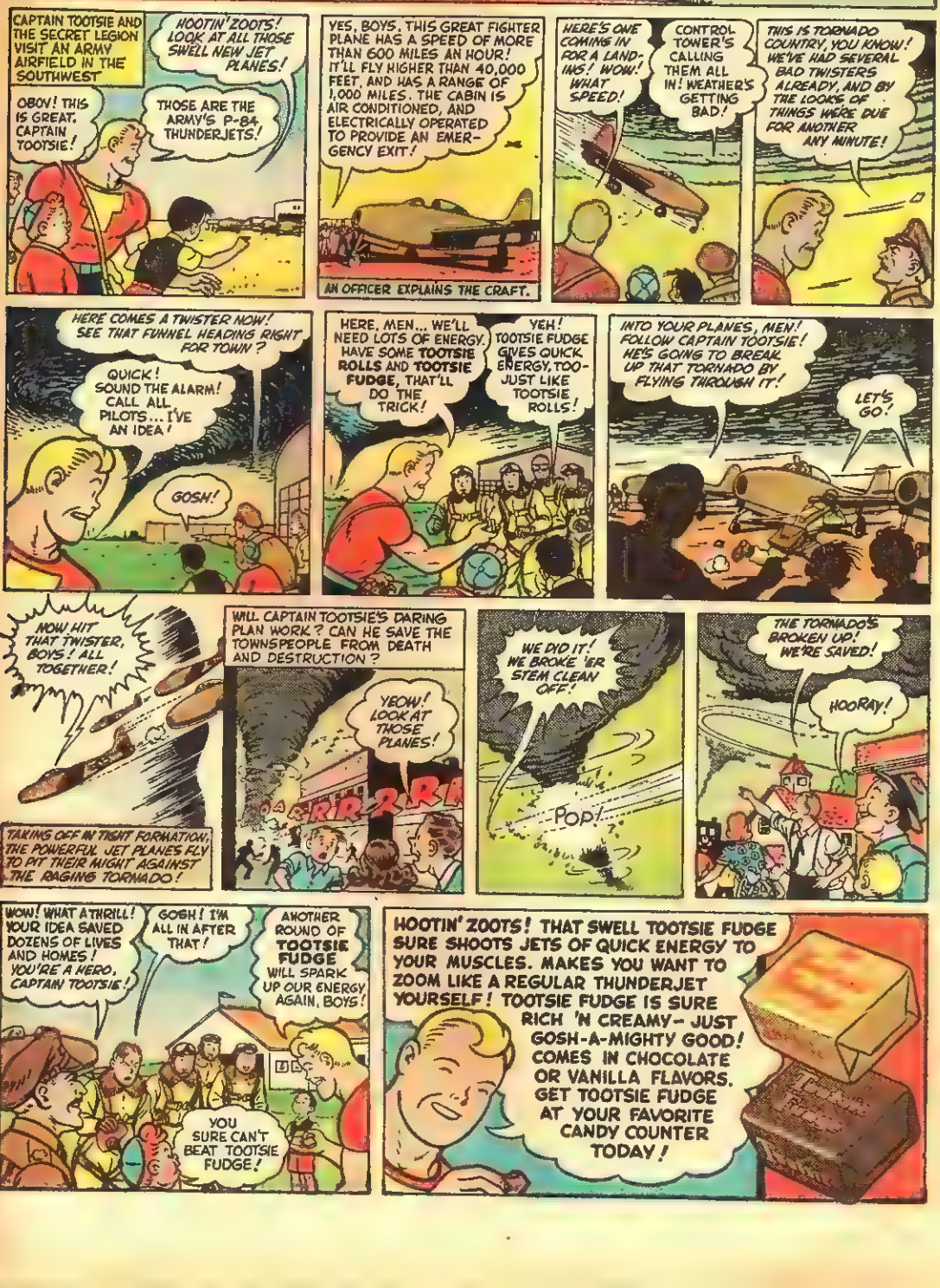
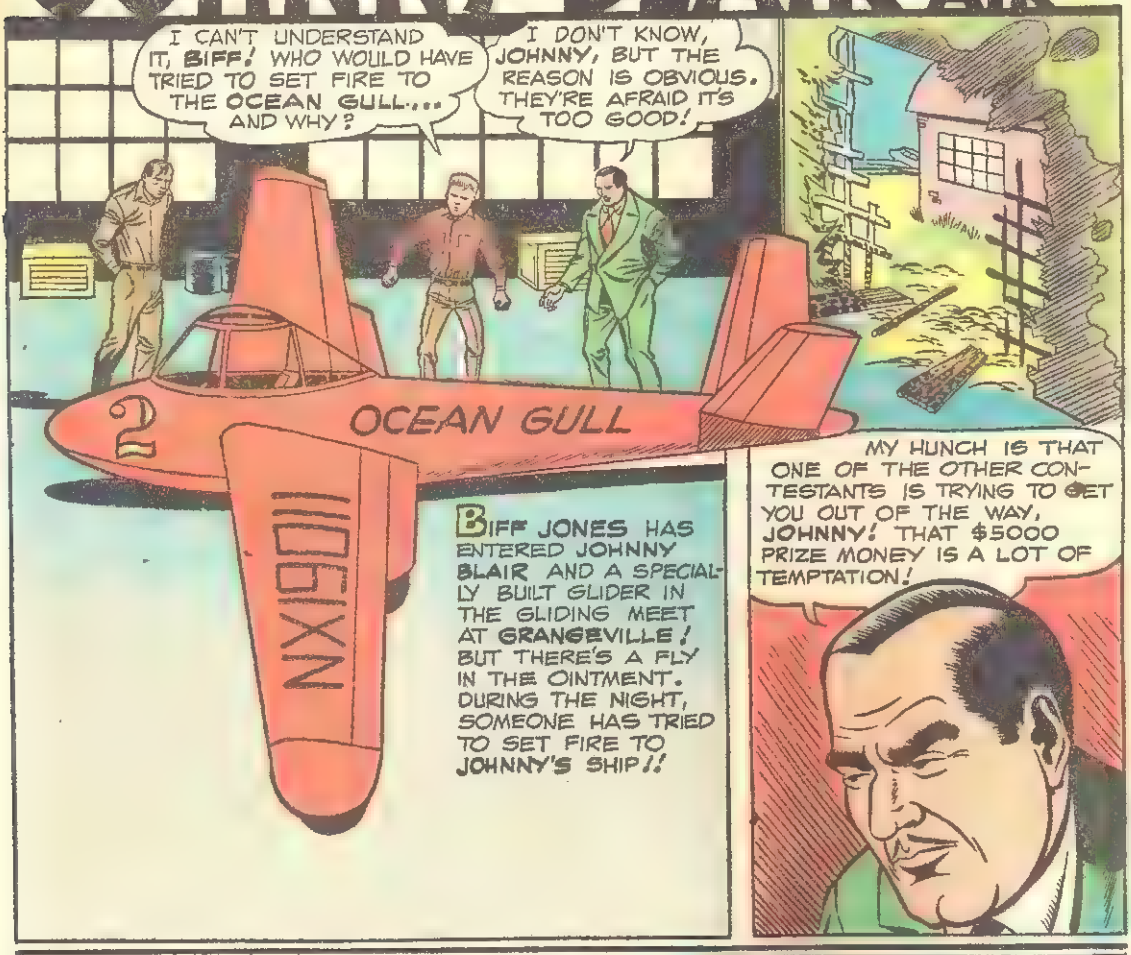
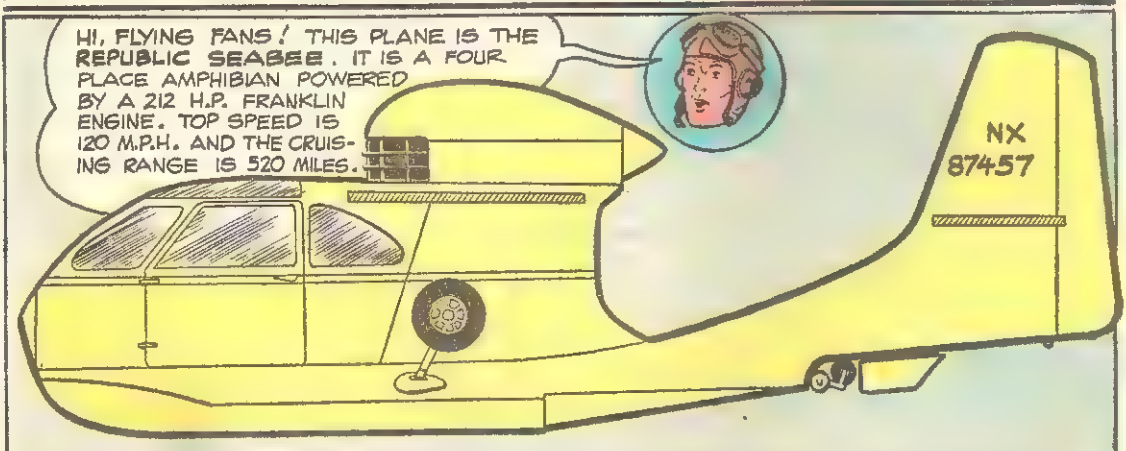
Captain Tootsie TAMES A TORNADO

By C·C·BECK

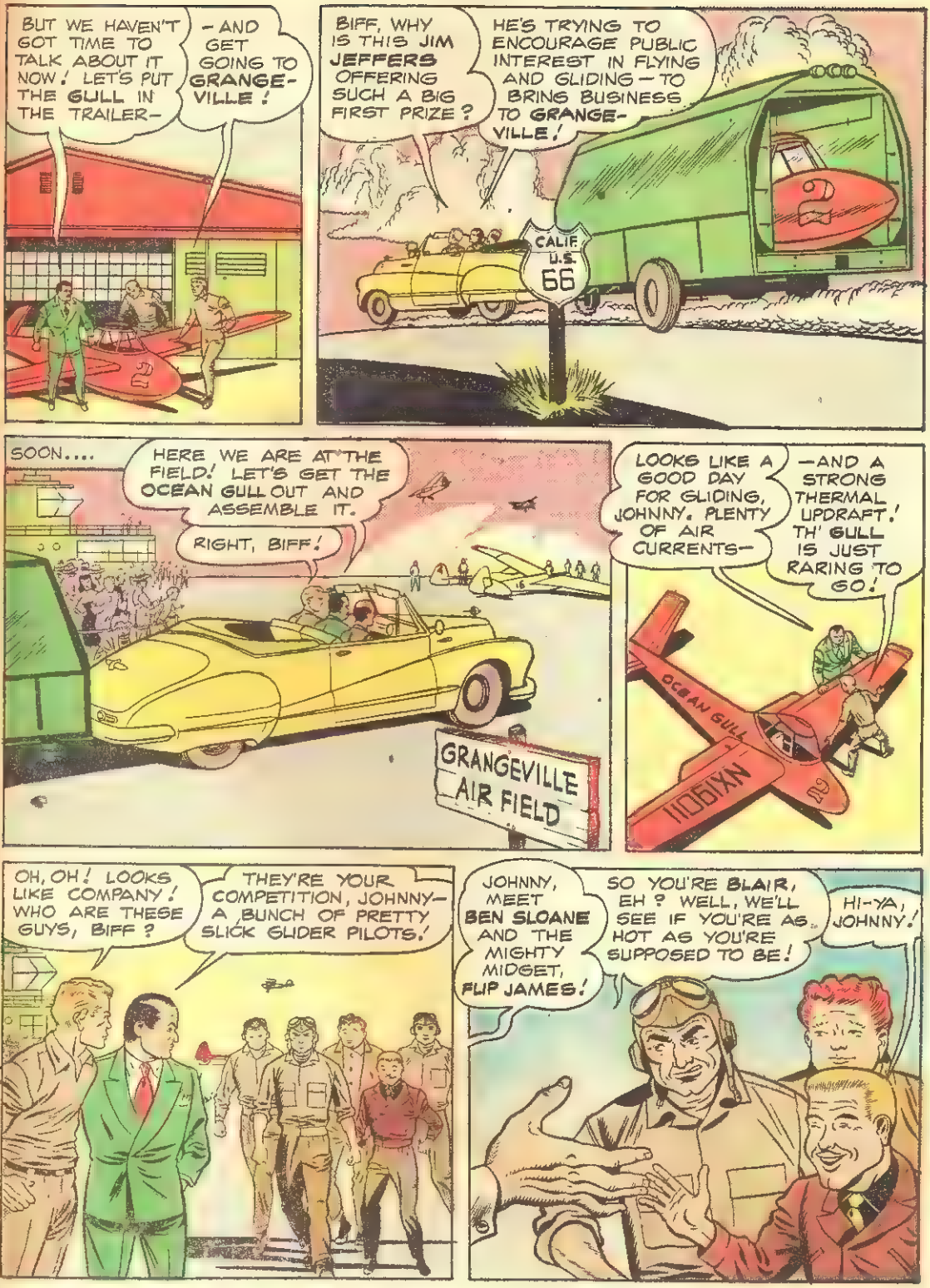


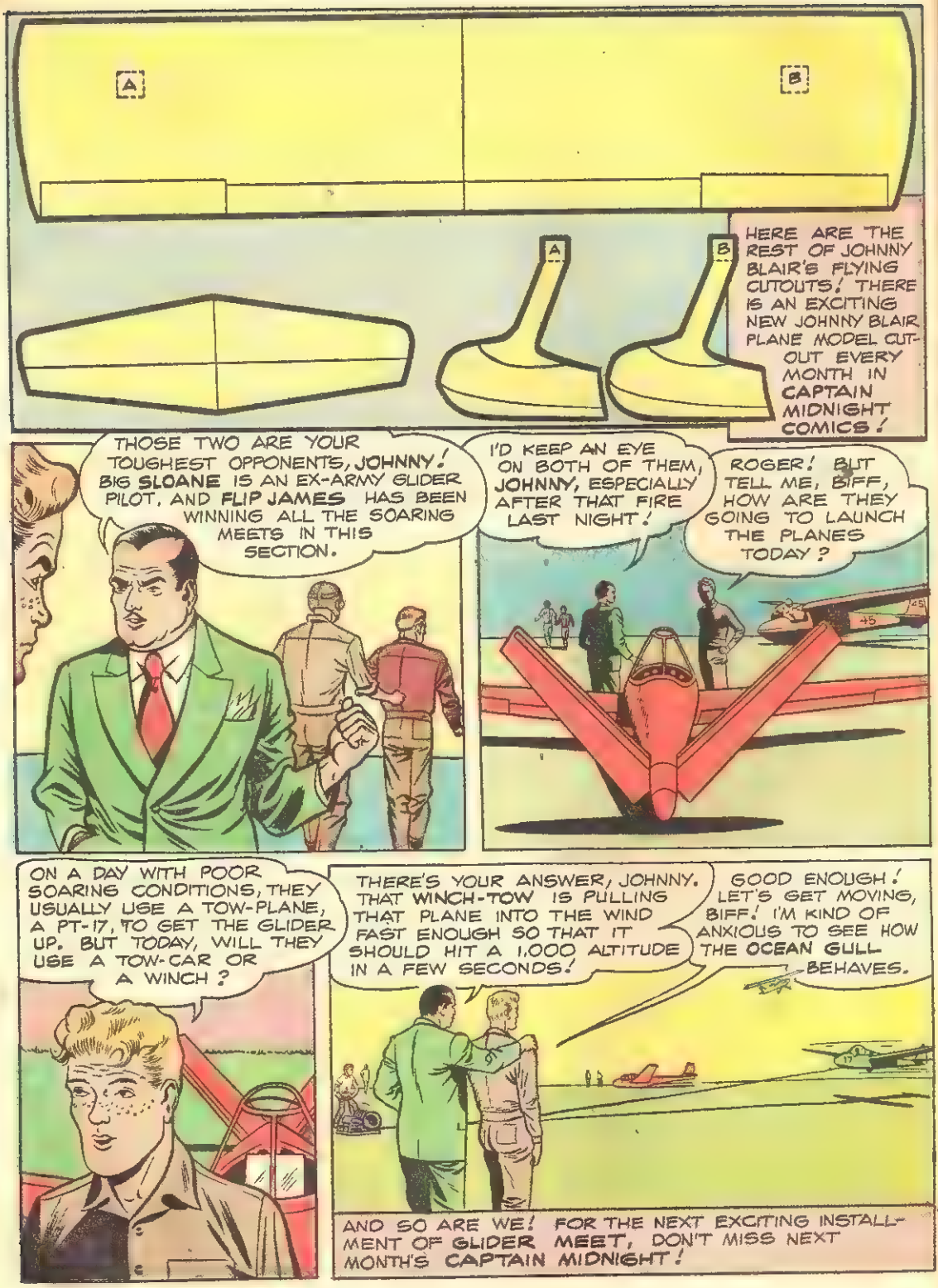
JOHNNY BLAIR IN THE AIR





CUT OUT THIS PLANE. PASTE IT ON HEAVY PAPER, ASSEMBLE THE PARTS AS INDICATED AND WATCH IT GLIDE!


BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO TALK ABOUT IT NOW! LET'S PUT THE GULL IN THE TRAILER—
—AND GET GOING TO GRANGE-VILLE!
BIFF, WHY IS THIS JIM JEFFERS OFFERING SUCH A BIG FIRST PRIZE?
HE'S TRYING TO ENCOURAGE PUBLIC INTEREST IN FLYING AND GLIDING—TO BRING BUSINESS TO GRANGE-VILLE!
CALIF. U.S. 66
SOON....
HERE WE ARE AT THE FIELD! LET'S GET THE OCEAN GULL OUT AND ASSEMBLE IT.
RIGHT, BIFF!
GRANGEVILLE AIR FIELD
LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DAY FOR GLIDING, JOHNNY. PLENTY OF AIR CURRENTS—
—AND A STRONG THERMAL UPDRAFT! TH' GULL IS JUST RARING TO GO!
OCEAN GULL
OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE COMPANY! WHO ARE THESE GUYS, BIFF?
THEY'RE YOUR COMPETITION, JOHNNY—A BUNCH OF PRETTY SLICK GLIDER PILOTS!
JOHNNY, MEET BEN SLOANE AND THE MIGHTY MIDGET, FLIP JAMES!
SO YOU'RE BLAIR, EH? WELL, WE'LL SEE IF YOU'RE AS HOT AS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE!
HI-YA, JOHNNY!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HERE ARE THE REST OF JOHNNY BLAIR'S FLYING CUTOUTS! THERE IS AN EXCITING NEW JOHNNY BLAIR PLANE MODEL CUT-OUT EVERY MONTH IN CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT COMICS!
THOSE TWO ARE YOUR TOUGHEST OPPONENTS, JOHNNY! BIG SLOANE IS AN EX-ARMY GLIDER PILOT, AND FLIP JAMES HAS BEEN WINNING ALL THE SOARING MEETS IN THIS SECTION.
I'D KEEP AN EYE ON BOTH OF THEM, JOHNNY, ESPECIALLY AFTER THAT FIRE LAST NIGHT!
ROGER! BUT TELL ME, BIFF, HOW ARE THEY GOING TO LAUNCH THE PLANES TODAY?
45
ON A DAY WITH POOR SOARING CONDITIONS, THEY USUALLY USE A TOW-PLANE, A PT-17, TO GET THE GLIDER UP. BUT TODAY, WILL THEY USE A TOW-CAR OR A WINCH?
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, JOHNNY. THAT WINCH-TOW IS PULLING THAT PLANE INTO THE WIND FAST ENOUGH SO THAT IT SHOULD HIT A 1,000 ALTITUDE IN A FEW SECONDS!
GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S GET MOVING, BIFF! I'M KIND OF ANXIOUS TO SEE HOW THE OCEAN GULL BEHAVES.
AND SO ARE WE! FOR THE NEXT EXCITING INSTALLMENT OF GLIDER MEET, DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!

"YUKON PERIL"

A "Red Skye" Story

By DICK KRAUS

It meant danger to humanity
While the Vulture was at liberty
Proceeding with care
Red was aware
That missing him spelled calamity!

THE WIND HOWLED fiercely about the snug little log cabin, and whirling snowflakes buffeted its sides. Inside the hut, Red Skye huddled before the fireplace, warming his numbed hands at the roaring blaze. He looked up and smiled at the husky Canadian Mounted Police Constable who stood before him. The Constable, Jim McCloud, an old war buddy of Red's gripped the pilot's shoulder.

"Your ski-plane made a good landing on the lake, Red. But tell me, what are you doing up here in the Yukon?"

Red rose to his feet, his face serious. "They told me at Edmonton that I'd find you here, Jim," he said. "I—I'm afraid I need your help badly. Have you Mounties ever heard of the Vulture?"

Constable McCloud's face was deep in thought for a moment. Then he snapped his fingers sharply. "The Vulture! Of course; isn't he that flying criminal who raised a whole air army down in the States? But I thought that he'd been killed in an explosion down there—in the Black Hills! Weren't you in on that?"

Red Skye nodded. "Yes, Jim, I was. For a time we all thought that the menace of the Vulture was ended. Then something happened to change our mind . . ."

RAPIDLY RED TOLD his story. Told of how, after months of inactivity, the Vulture's planes were seen again in the skies. Told of how again and again, the master criminal's flying cohorts raided and robbed, stealing guns and planes. And then of how—without explanation—the Vulture suddenly disappeared again, without leaving a trace or a clue, but one . . .

"According to some papers that were found in his last hide-out," the flier said, "army officials down in the States have a hunch that he was headed for the Yukon . . . or at least the far North! But we've got to make sure. That's why I've been assigned to comb this whole territory, to see if we can find out where the Vulture is, and what he's up to!"

"I see," nodded the Mountie. "Well, I'll help you all I can. We've several hundred square miles of waste and forest land in my area, Red—and it's going to take a lot of searching. But, if you say so, we'll start tomorrow . . . Better sleep now . . ."

Gradually, as the hours passed, the cabin drew darker and chillier. Now only a few glowing embers remained in the fireplace. Outside the wind still howled—and added to this sound was the weird, thin cry of a distant wolf. Red Skye and the Mountie slept on peacefully, until a new sound broke in on the others. It was a rapping metallic sound, echoing hollowly against the cabin door. As it was repeated again and again, Red sat bolt upright. He reached across and shook Jim McCloud.

"Jim! Hear that sound?"

Together they approached the door. The constable unbolted it and swung it open. A snow-encrusted form slumped into the room, mittened hand grasping the stock of a rifle. As the man sprawled across the floor, the dim light showed that the front of his parka was stained with a color darker and more sinister than rust . . .

"Great Scott!" The Mountie seized the man beneath the shoulders. "He's frozen—and badly wounded. It's . . . it's Gaston LePré—a trapper from the White Moose section! Here, Red—build up the fire, and hurry!"

"I'm afraid . . . he's done for," the Mountie said. "Can you make out what he's trying to say, Red?"

Together they knelt, to hear the words of the dying man. Feebly, they came out—"Strangers . . . in White Moose. They shoot . . . me. I come overland . . . by foot . . . tell you, McCloud. I . . ." Then his head fell forward and he was dead.

"STRANGERS IN WHITE MOOSE . . ." Red Skye said slowly. "They shot him, the trapper said. But why? Jim, this may be the clue we're looking for. In a couple of hours—as soon as it's light, let's head for White Moose!"

Perhaps it was a wild hunch! Perhaps it had nothing to do with the sinister specter of the Vulture! But as Red and Jim took off in the American's ski-equipped Luscombe, each of them had a feeling that the trapper's death was only the prelude to perilous adventure.

Soon, the silvery plane streaked down

(Please turn to next page)

toward their objective, landing almost without a jar on the rough ice. Together, Red and Jim roped it down in the shelter of a huge boulder that overhung the lake. Then, buttoning their heavy, fur-lined coats against the icy, biting, gale, they struck in the direction of the old mining village.

Soon, as they clambered over the crest of a hill, Red pointed down at a black, yawning opening in the ground, beside two old weatherbeaten shacks. "That must be it," he whispered.

"The voices come from — there!" he husked. "Let's go!"

Together they crept, feet rasping against the rubbled mine floor, down the labyrinth-like, shadowy mine passageway. Then, as they rounded a turn in the shaft, Red caught the Mountie's shoulder and flung him back against the wall.

"Look!"

THERE, IN A GIANT CHAMBER that reminded Red of the Black Hills hide-out of the Vulture, was a complete modern laboratory. Powerful, humming machines, turbines; an ore crusher and other equipment that looked completely strange to Red. And standing before it, powerful and grim in the sinister uniform of his winged corps, was the crime-master himself—the Vulture!

Before him, crouched one of his men, terrified and trembling.

"Master," he was pleading. "Forgive me! I—I thought the trapper was dead. We left him in a ravine behind his cabin. Then —today—when I looked, he was gone!"

"How long has he been gone?" came the cruel, cold question from the Vulture. His eyes were expressionless, veiled.

"About three days. Maybe—maybe the wolves . . ."

"NOT THE WOLVES, Vulture!" gritted Red Skye, stepping out from the concealing wall. "Gaston LePré lived long enough to crawl sixty miles through the snow. Sixty miles on his hands and knees —with a hole in his chest—to bring us to you!"

His mouth agape, the Vulture swung around.

"You—" he choked. "Skye! And a Mountie!"

Red's hand held the automatic leveled against the flying criminal's chest. He had waited long for this moment; more than once he had thought it would never come!

"That's right, Vulture!" Red's eyes flicked around the walls of the laboratory—and at the pile of grayish ore that was at the end of the chamber. "It seems you've been busy here, since we began to miss you down in the States. Tell me, would I be guessing wrong—or is that ore over there uranium? Uranium — ingredient of the most powerful explosive known to man . . . the atom bomb?"

The Vulture's eyes glittered fire, and his lips snarled, "Curse you, Skye! You're right. This mine—which one of my men discovered—is rich in uranium ore. I'd set up a laboratory to build my own atomic weapons for crime, when that fool trapper blundered in on us. His hard luck—"

"And yours!" Red bit the words off. "Vulture, we're taking you back to the States—"

Suddenly, with desperate fury, the Vulture went into action. His broad boot swung up and forward, scattering a blinding cloud of fine gray ore-dust in the air. Simultaneously, he drew a revolver from his pocket!

"Duck, Red!"

The gun exploded twice, one of the bullets blazing a fiery path that grazed the pilot's cheek. Then the Vulture was upon him, his great claw-like hands slashing mighty blows in the air, hammering Red down like a pile-driver. As the crimson-haired pilot crumpled before the tiger-like attack, he saw the crime-master raise his huge boots—steel-cleated—to come down upon his unprotected head.

HIS SENSES SPINNING, his body a sea of pain, Red managed to react. He summoned all his strength, launching himself into a somersault that landed him against the mine's wall. In his hand he felt the chilled steel of his automatic. He pulled the trigger.

Once! The Vulture was coming toward him, lurching now.

Again Red fired the gun. Now the Vulture was rocked back. But still he came swaying on towards Red, reeling like a bull that has felt the lance. Again the automatic spoke, and now the Vulture collapsed, face forward on the laboratory's floor.

Red whirled about—to find Jim McCloud standing over the other criminal.

"I got this one, Red. Is—the Vulture—dead?"

Red shook his head. "I was careful to keep away from vital spots; hit him in the shoulder and the legs. We'll patch him up and he'll live, Jim. He'll live to face trial in the States for his crimes!"

So Red Skye has captured his most virulent enemy! Don't miss the story of "The Vulture's Trial" in the next exciting issue of CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT COMICS!

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THE CASE OF THE KILLER CAT!

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
Adventures of
SAM SPADE

AND NOW WATCH "ORLO THE GREAT" DEFY THE KING OF BEASTS. SEE HIM DELIBERATELY TURN HIS BACK WHILE HE CASUALLY GROOMS HIS HAIR.

HUMM! I THOUGHT THIS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL BOTTLE WAS ALMOST EMPTY THIS MORNING!

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station See radio listing in your local newspaper.

WITH HIS BACK TO THE LIONS... ORLO FAILS TO SEE THEM BECOMING UNEASY ...THEN...

LATER: THE POLICE SAY ORLO'S DEATH WAS ACCIDENTAL. BUT MRS. ORLO HAS CALLED SAM SPADE TO INVESTIGATE FURTHER.

WHAT WAS THIS BOTTLE OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL DOING IN THE CAGE, MRS. ORLO?

IT WAS PART OF ORLO'S ACT, MR. SPADE, BUT WAIT--THIS BOTTLE'S ALMOST FULL! IT WAS ALMOST EMPTY THIS MORNING!

THAT DOESN'T SMELL LIKE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL SAM!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SWEETHEART! BET SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHING IN THIS BOTTLE TO GET THOSE CATS EXCITED!

I KNOW WHAT'S IN THIS BOTTLE--CATNIP! ONE GOOD WHIFF WILL PUT A LION IN A FRENZY. THOSE CATS ATTACKED ORLO TO GET THIS BOTTLE

SAM, THAT MAN IS TRYING TO OPEN THAT CAGE BEHIND YOU.

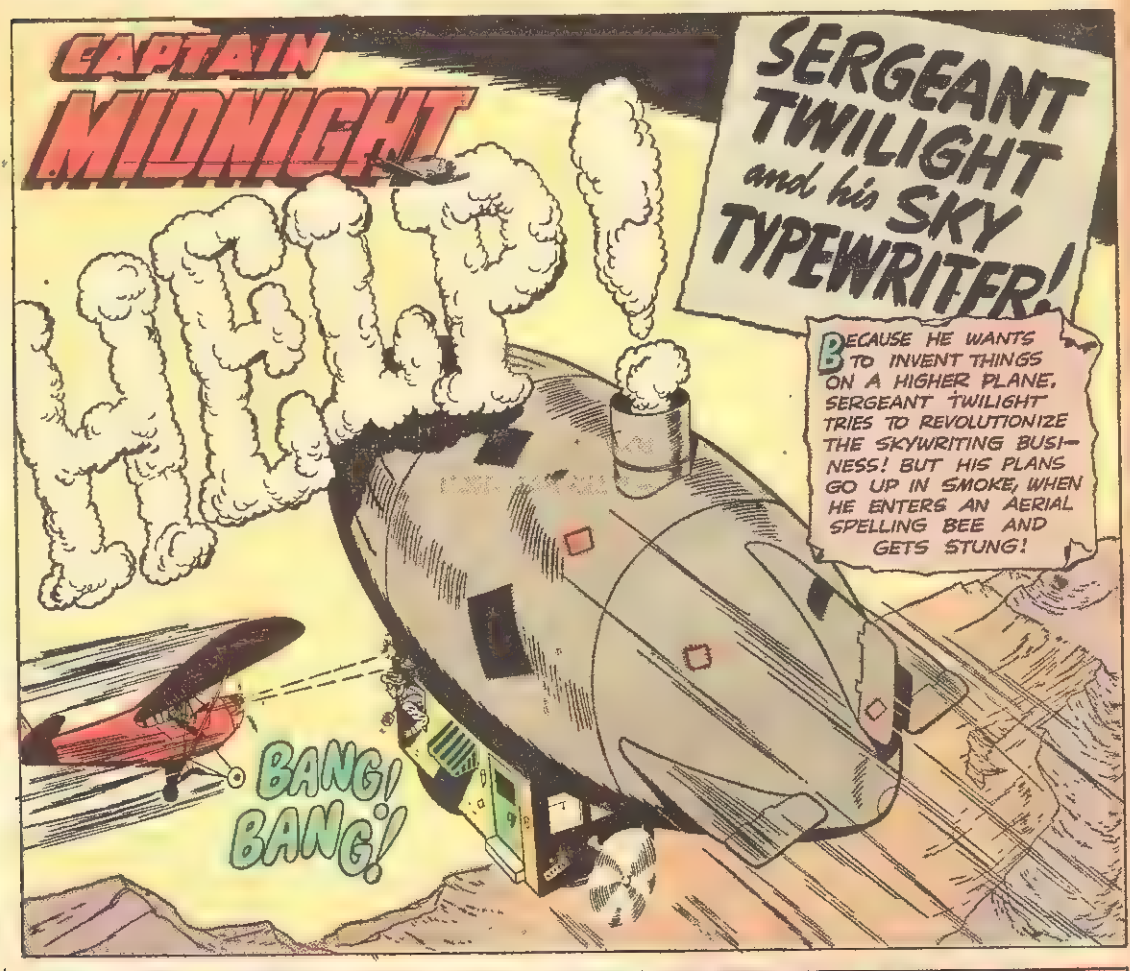
TAKE IT FROM SAM SPADE-- IF YOU WANT TO REALLY LOOK YOUR BEST, USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ON YOUR HAIR. IT GIVES YOUR HAIR THAT HEALTHY WELL GROOMED LOOK. GET IT TODAY. IN BOTTLES AND HANDY NEW TUBES.

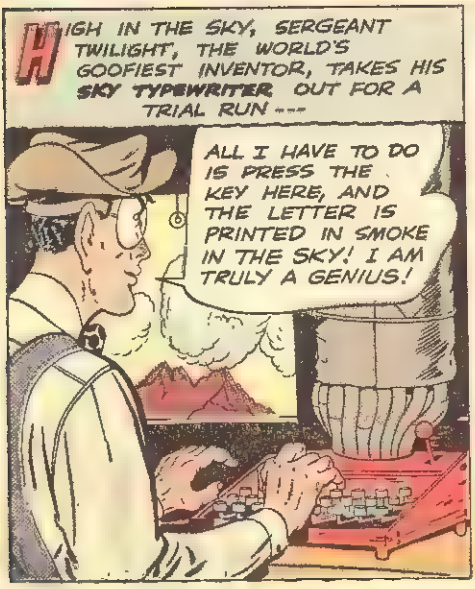
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC
DOES THE HAIR LOVELY
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES DISTRESSING DANDRUFF

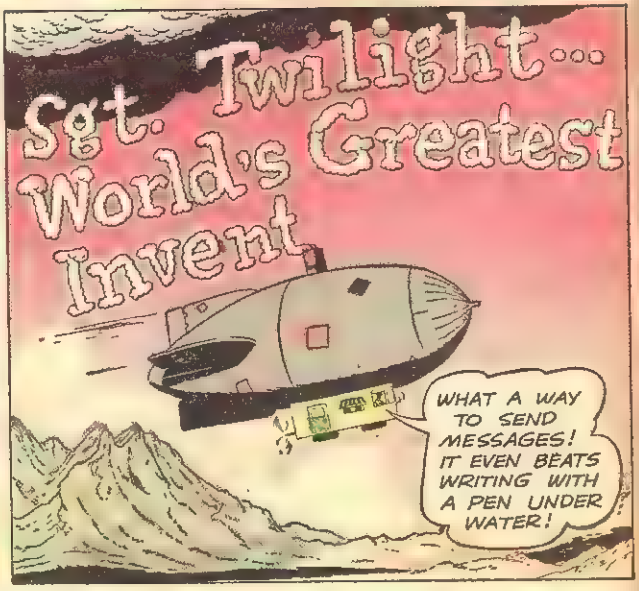
OH, NO YOU DON'T!

WHY, IT'S THE LION TAMER THAT HAD THE ACT BEFORE THEY HIRED ORLO!

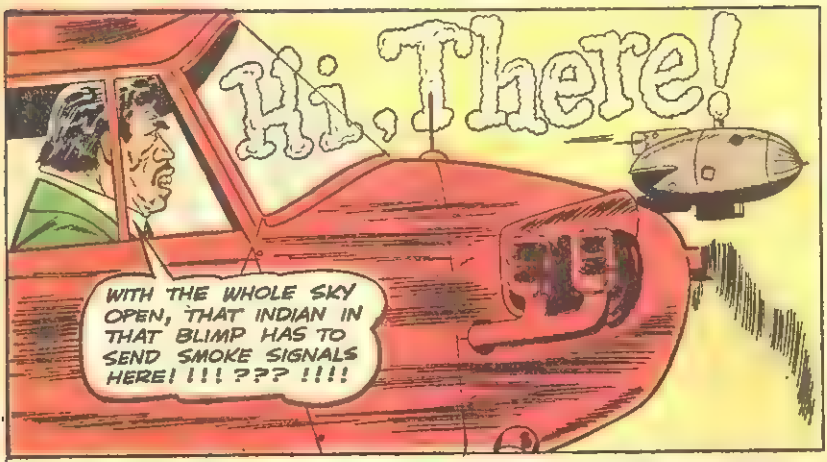
...PROBABLY FIGURED HE'D GET HIS OLD JOB BACK BY GETTING LEO TO KILL YOUR HUSBAND. CALL THE POLICE, EFFIE -- THEY'LL GET A CONFESSION OUT OF HIM!


CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT
SERGEANT TWILIGHT and his SKY TYPEWRITER!
BECAUSE HE WANTS TO INVENT THINGS ON A HIGHER PLANE, SERGEANT TWILIGHT TRIES TO REVOLUTIONIZE THE SKYWRITING BUSINESS! BUT HIS PLANS GO UP IN SMOKE, WHEN HE ENTERS AN AERIAL SPELLING BEE AND GETS STUNG!
BANG! BANG!

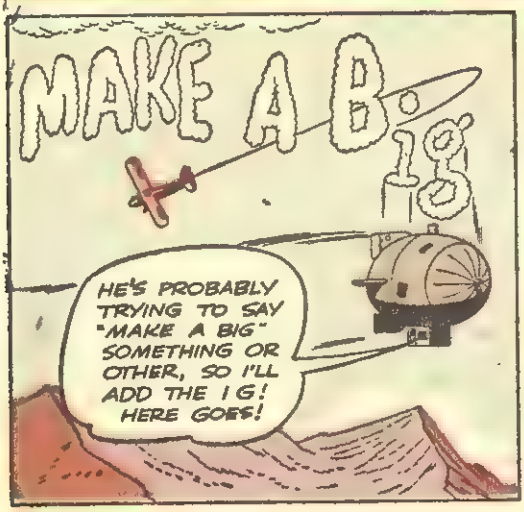

HIGH IN THE SKY, SERGEANT TWILIGHT, THE WORLD'S GOOFIEST INVENTOR, TAKES HIS SKY TYPEWRITER OUT FOR A TRIAL RUN ---
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THE KEY HERE, AND THE LETTER IS PRINTED IN SMOKE IN THE SKY! I AM TRULY A GENIUS!


Sgt. Twilight... World's Greatest Invent
WHAT A WAY TO SEND MESSAGES! IT EVEN BEATS WRITING WITH A PEN UNDER WATER!

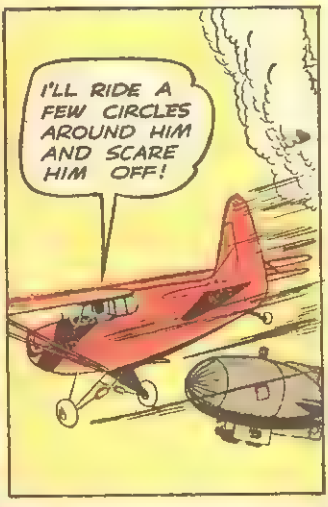
MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW, IN THE MOUNTAINS....
WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' HERE FOR THREE DAYS. IF BUTCH DOESN'T SHOW UP SOON, I'M GONNA TAKE A CHANCE AND BEAT IT!
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! WE'RE WANTED BY EVERY COP IN THE STATE FOR THAT BANK JOB WE PULLED!
THEY'D SHOOT US ON SIGHT!
BUTCH SAID HE'D GET WORD TO US--AND I'M WAITING TILL I HEAR FROM HIM!
HEY, LOOK AT THAT PLANE! IT'S WRITING SOMETHING!
MAKE
THAT MUST BE BUTCH! HE'S SENDIN' US A MESSAGE!
BUT, FROM HIS BLIMP, SERGEANT TWILIGHT SEES THE SKYWRITING PLANE--
AH! AN OLD-FASHIONED AERIAL SCRIBE. LET'S SEE IF HE CAN STAND A LITTLE COMPETITION.
MAKE
IF I SHOW THIS PILOT HOW GOOD THE SKY TYPEWRITER IS, MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO SELL HIM ONE!
WEAR
FIRST I'LL BAT OUT A GREETING!

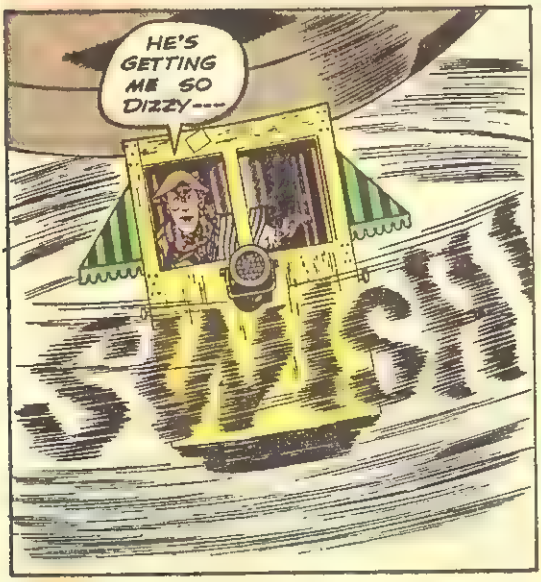

Hi, There!
WITH THE WHOLE SKY OPEN, THAT INDIAN IN THAT BLIMP HAS TO SEND SMOKE SIGNALS HERE! !!! ??? !!!!

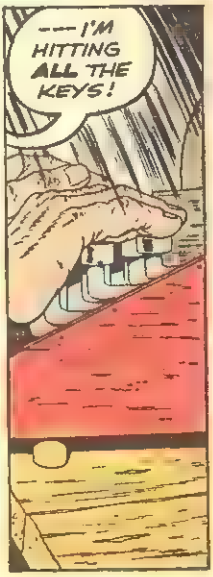
NOW IF I FINISH HIS MESSAGE FOR HIM, THAT OUGHT TO CONVINCE HIM HE SHOULD BUY A SKY TYPEWRITER!

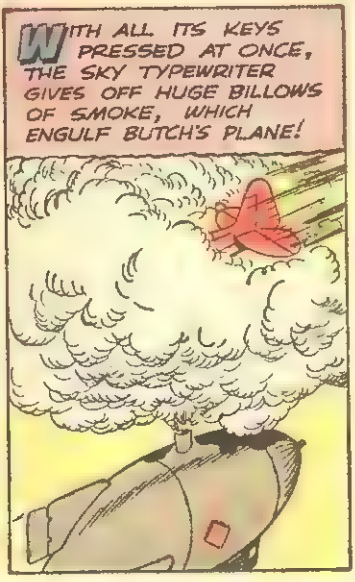

MAKE A B.
HE'S PROBABLY TRYING TO SAY "MAKE A BIG" SOMETHING OR OTHER, SO I'LL ADD THE IG! HERE GOES!

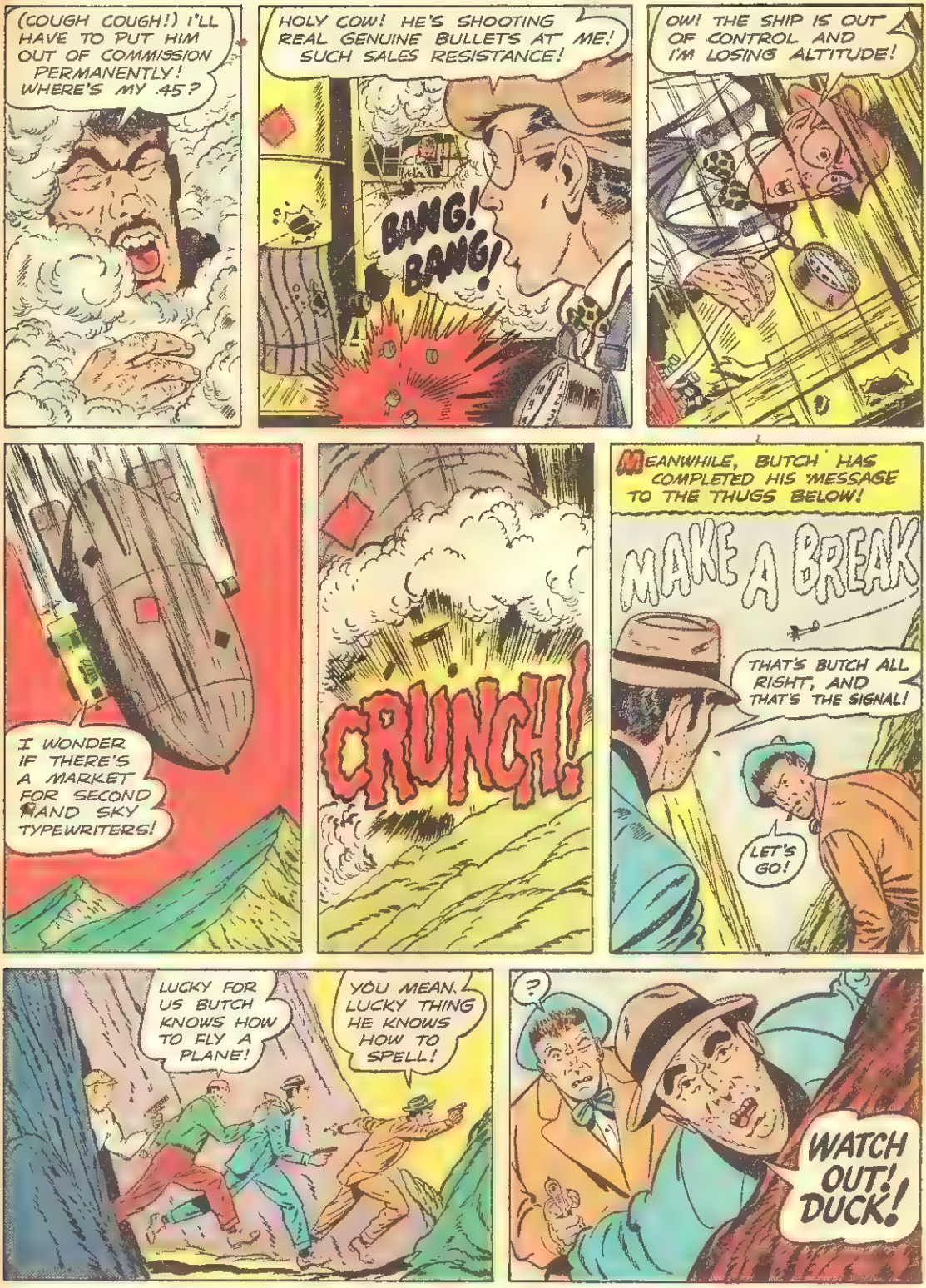
HE'S GOING TO RUIN MY MESSAGE TO THE BOYS TO MAKE A BREAK!


I'LL RIDE A FEW CIRCLES AROUND HIM AND SCARE HIM OFF!

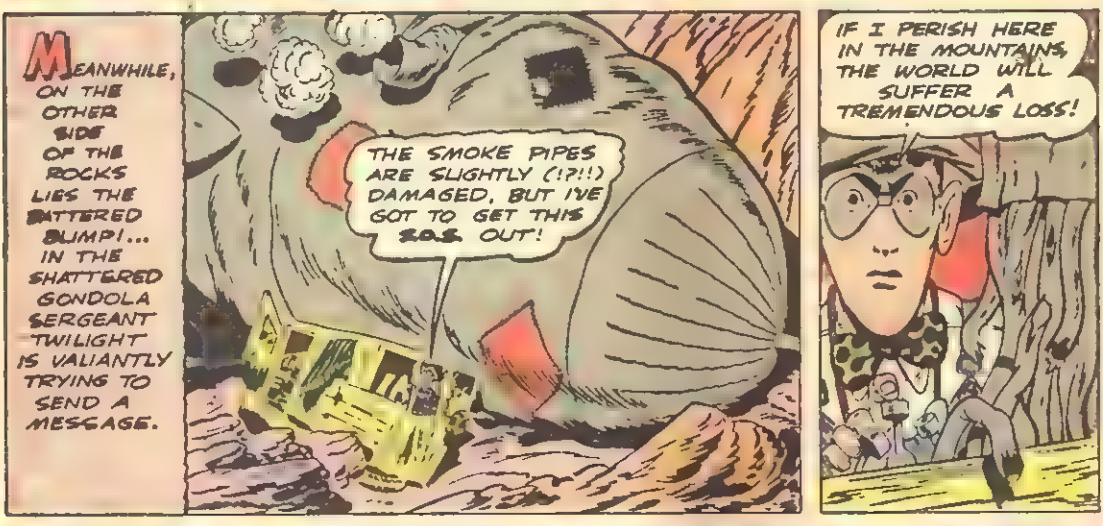

HE'S GETTING ME SO DIZZY---
SWISH

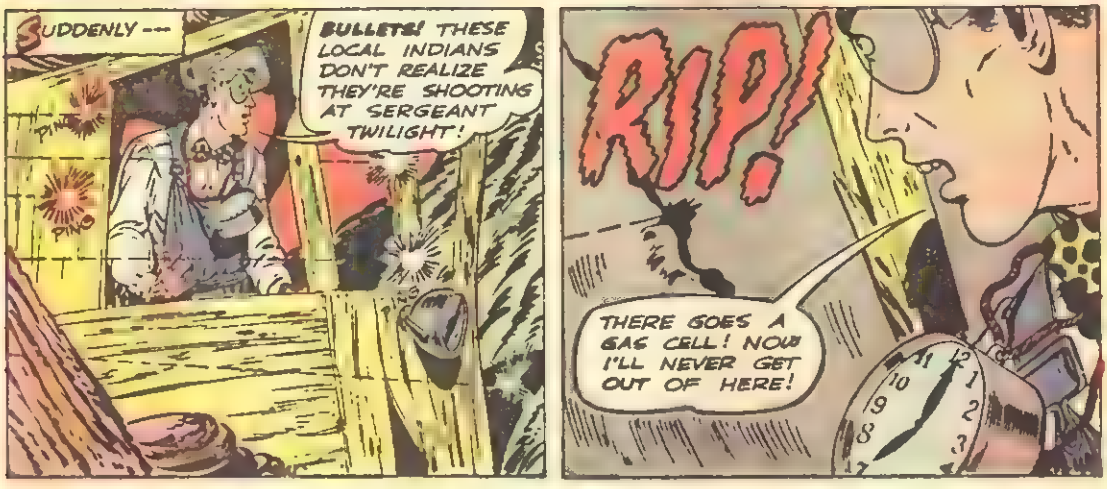

---I'M HITTING ALL THE KEYS!


WITH ALL ITS KEYS PRESSED AT ONCE, THE SKY TYPEWRITER GIVES OFF HUGE BILLOWS OF SMOKE, WHICH ENGULF BUTCH'S PLANE!


(COUGH COUGH!) I'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM OUT OF COMMISSION PERMANENTLY! WHERE'S MY .45?
HOLY COW! HE'S SHOOTING REAL GENUINE BULLETS AT ME! SUCH SALES RESISTANCE!
BANG! BANG!
OW! THE SHIP IS OUT OF CONTROL AND I'M LOSING ALTITUDE!
I WONDER IF THERE'S A MARKET FOR SECOND HAND SKY TYPEWRITERS!
CRUNCH!
MEANWHILE, BUTCH HAS COMPLETED HIS MESSAGE TO THE THUGS BELOW!
MAKE A BREAK
THAT'S BUTCH ALL RISHT, AND THAT'S THE SIGNAL!
LET'S GO!
LUCKY FOR US BUTCH KNOWS HOW TO FLY A PLANE!
YOU MEAN. LUCKY THING HE KNOWS HOW TO SPELL!
?
WATCH OUT! DUCK!

WHAT'S 'UP?
?
?
?
POOF
POP
BOP
PFFT
THOSE PUFFS OF SMOKE COMIN' FROM BEHIND THAT BIG ROCK---SOMEONE'S SHOOTING AT US!
MUST BE THE COPS!
WELL, THEY WON'T GET US WITHOUT A FIGHT. WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT FROM BEHIND THESE ROCKS---O.K., GET READY TO LET 'EM HAVE IT!


MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROCKS LIES THE BATTERED BUMP!... IN THE SHATTERED GONDOLA SERGEANT TWILIGHT IS VALIANTLY TRYING TO SEND A MESSAGE.
THE SMOKE PIPES ARE SLIGHTLY (!?!!) DAMAGED, BUT I'VE GOT TO GET THIS S.O.S. OUT!
IF I PERISH HERE IN THE MOUNTAINS, THE WORLD WILL SUFFER A TREMENDOUS LOSS!


SUDDENLY---
BULLETS! THESE LOCAL INDIANS DON'T REALIZE THEY'RE SHOOTING AT SERGEANT TWILIGHT!
PING
PING
PING
RIP!
THERE GOES A GAS CELL! NOW I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE!

AND THE GAS ESCAPES!
FWOOSH!
BACK AT THE HIDE-OUT--
WHEE!
?
?
WE'RE BEING SHELLED! I RECOGNIZE THAT NOISE!
WE'RE NO MATCH FOR ARTILLERY! I'M GOING TO SURRENDER!
WE'D ALL BETTER QUIT OR THEY'LL BLAST US OUT!
DON'T SHOOT!
WE SURRENDER!
MEANWHILE, SERGEANT TWILIGHT VENTURES FORTH.....
WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?
(GULP!) IT'S THE DESPERADO GANG!

(GULP!) OF COURSE SERGEANT TWILIGHT CAN EASILY HANDLE FOUR THUGS— BUT MAYBE THEY DON'T **REALIZE** I AM SERGEANT TWILIGHT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, ON THE RIDGE ABOVE, APPEARS A MOST WELCOME SIGHT FOR SERGEANT TWILIGHT---AN ARMED POSSE!

KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!

LET'S TIE 'EM UP, SHERIFF!

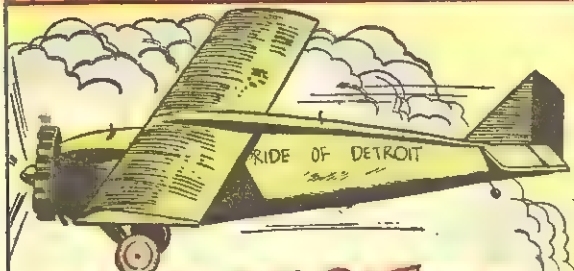
GOOD WORK, SERGEANT TWILIGHT! WE GOT THEIR SKY WRITING BUDDY, AND YOU GOT THE WHOLE GANG!

WE NOTICED YOUR AERIAL EXHIBITION FROM TOWN, AND WE RODE IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK!

THOSE MEN ARE KILLERS! YOU DID A VERY BRAVE DEED!

BECAUSE I'M SUCH A GREAT INVENTOR, PEOPLE FORGET I'M ALSO A CRIME FIGHTER! BUT IT'S ALL IN A DAY'S WORK!

FAMOUS PLANES



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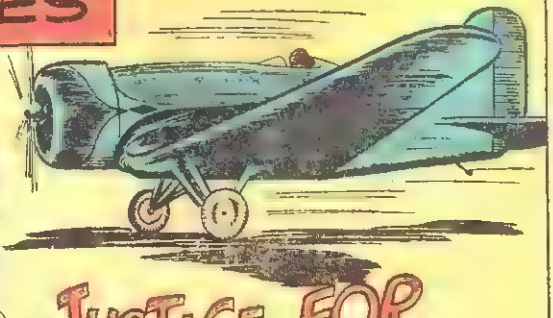

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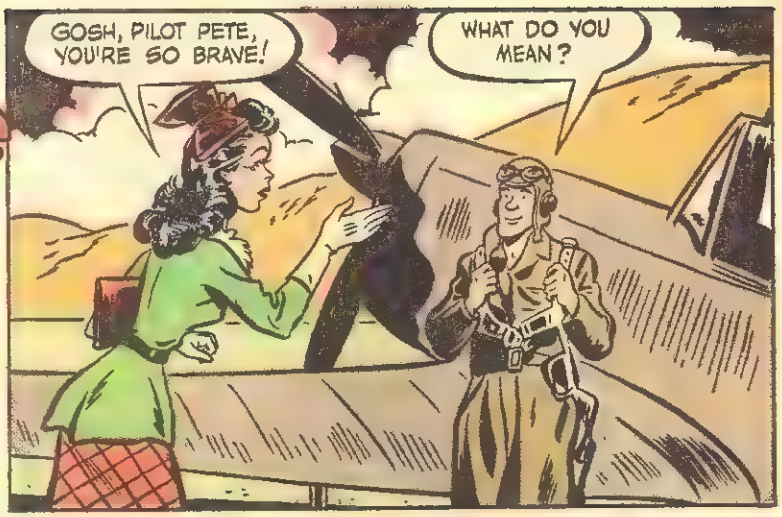
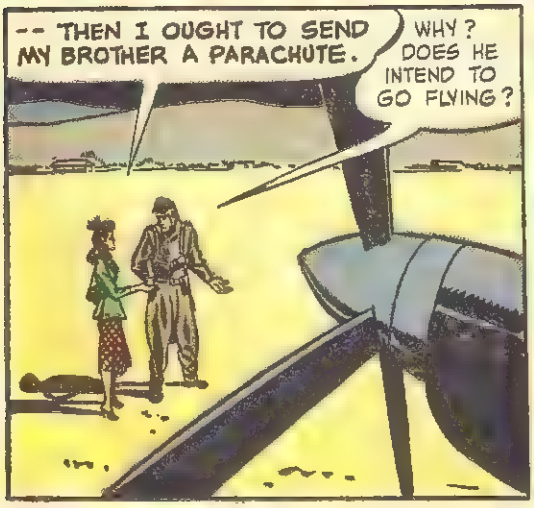
"A BABEFUL TALE"





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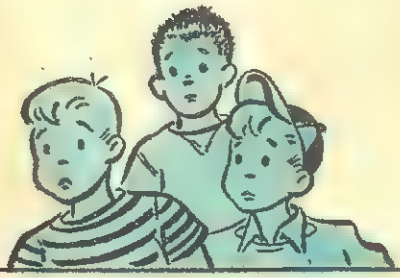

For extra speed, for winning form, in jumping, or any activity, wear BALL-BAND ARCH-GARDS. The ARCH-GARD molded sponge rubber insoles fit your feet; give firm, but gentle support. The BALL-BAND STA-KLEEN that covers the ARCH-GARD insole resists sweat and dirt, stays smooth, fresh, clean, comfortable. Go to the store where you see the Red Ball trade-mark. Get a pair of BALL-BAND ARCH-GARDS—and have more fun.

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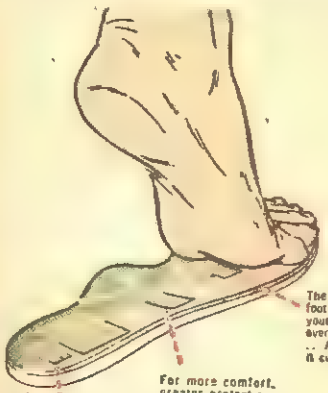

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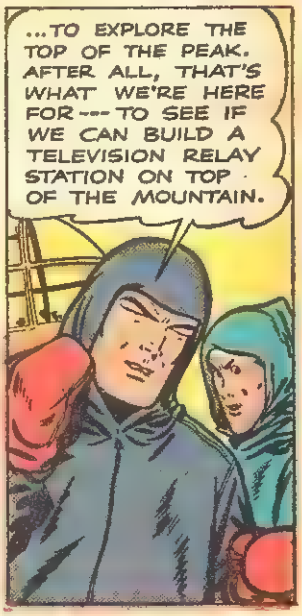
CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT "Peak of Peril!"



DO WE START BACK TONIGHT, CAP?
NO, ICKY! WE'LL MAKE CAMP TONIGHT, AND TAKE ANOTHER GOOD LOOK TOMORROW---
BUT SUDDENLY---
DUCK, ICKY! --- THOSE BOULDERS!
HELP, CAP!
I--I'M GOING OVER!
BUT THE MIRACULOUS SPLIT-SECOND CHANGE TAKES PLACE FROM CAPTAIN ALBRIGHT TO THE MAN OF ACTION--- CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT!
THE SWING-SPRING SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
THE CLAW-LIKE TENTACLE OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S INVENTION UNCOILS UNERRINGLY TO ITS OBJECTIVE!
I'VE GOT IT, CAP! I CAN CLIMB UP BY MYSELF, NOW!
GOOD--- BECAUSE I'M GOING TO BE --- BUSY.
BUT WHEN ICKY REACHES THE TOP...
I MADE IT! CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! WHAT ARE YOU SHOOTING AT?
I THINK I SAW SOME FIGURES LURKING UP THERE ... WHERE THOSE BOULDERS CAME FROM.
RAT-TAT-TAT!
C'MON, ICKY. LET'S INVESTIGATE!

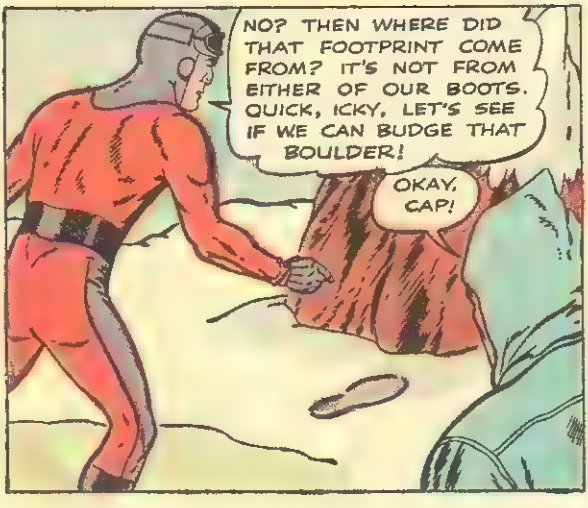
IT'S NO USE, CAP! THERE ISN'T ANOTHER LIVING THING ON TOP OF THE PEAK BUT OURSELVES...
THEN I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MADE THOSE HEAVY BOULDERS ROLL DIRECTLY AT US, ICKY. THEY DIDN'T START BY THEMSELVES!

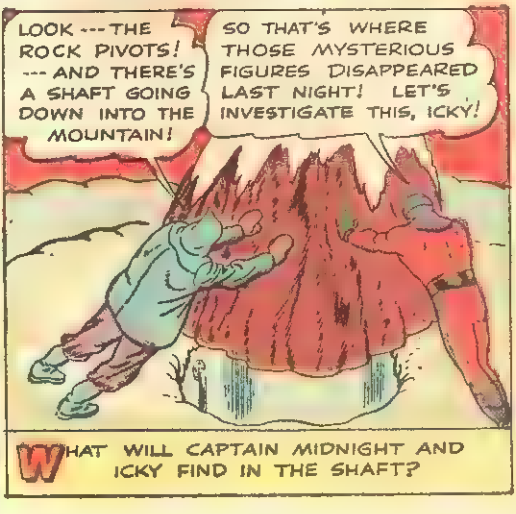
BUT WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW. LET'S GRAB SOME SHUTEYE IN SHIFTS. I'LL TAKE THE WATCH FOR THE FIRST HOUR, ICKY...

AS THE TIBETAN DAWN BREAK OVER HAMI-LA...
WAKE UP, ICKY! RISE AND SHINE!

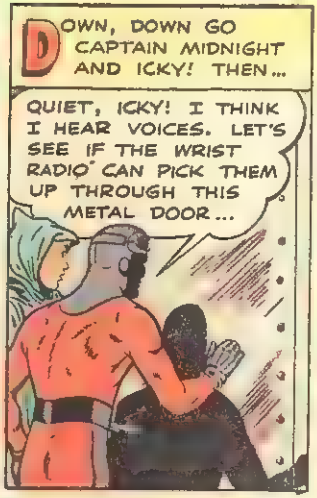
HO-HUM! GOSH, IS MY HOUR UP ALREADY, CAP?
YOU MEAN YOUR EIGHT HOURS! YOU WERE SLEEPING SO PEACEFULLY, I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO WAKE YOU.

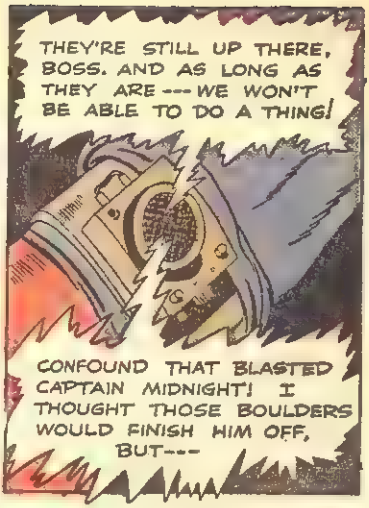
I'M STILL SUSPICIOUS ABOUT LAST NIGHT, ICKY. BUT THE TOP OF THIS PEAK IS CERTAINLY DESERTED...
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, CAP! THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US!


NO? THEN WHERE DID THAT FOOTPRINT COME FROM? IT'S NOT FROM EITHER OF OUR BOOTS. QUICK, ICKY, LET'S SEE IF WE CAN BUDGE THAT BOULDER!
OKAY, CAP!


LOOK --- THE ROCK PIVOTS! --- AND THERE'S A SHAFT GOING DOWN INTO THE MOUNTAIN!
SO THAT'S WHERE THOSE MYSTERIOUS FIGURES DISAPPEARED LAST NIGHT! LET'S INVESTIGATE THIS, ICKY!
WHAT WILL CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND ICKY FIND IN THE SHAFT?

THIS CABLE--- AND MY SUCTION BOOTS* SHOULD GET US SAFELY DOWN THE SHAFT... HOLD FAST, ICKY!
Y-YES, CAP! ...HOPE YOUR BELT HOLDS, I HOPE I HOPE!
*THE SUCTION-CUPPED SOLES OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT'S SHOES MAKE DESCENT POSSIBLE ON SMOOTH, VERTICAL SURFACES.


DOWN, DOWN GO CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT AND ICKY! THEN...
QUIET, ICKY! I THINK I HEAR VOICES. LET'S SEE IF THE WRIST RADIO CAN PICK THEM UP THROUGH THIS METAL DOOR...


THEY'RE STILL UP THERE, BOSS. AND AS LONG AS THEY ARE --- WE WON'T BE ABLE TO DO A THING!
CONFOUND THAT BLASTED CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! I THOUGHT THOSE BOULDERS WOULD FINISH HIM OFF, BUT---

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR, ICKY. LET'S PAY OUR HOSTS A LITTLE VISIT--- WITHOUT AN INVITATION!

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT! HOW DID YOU--
DOWN THE SHAFT, IVAN SHARK! YOUR SHAFT! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN YOU WOULD BE BEHIND THIS KIND OF SETUP!

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, INTER-ASIAN AIRWAYS WAS PLANNING TO SEND CARGO SHIPS OVER THIS ROUTE. YOUR LITTLE HIDEAWAY --- WITH A FEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS-- WOULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU A FORTUNE IN LOOT!
THAT'S RIGHT, CAPT. MIDNIGHT. I WAS GOING AFTER THOSE CARGO SHIPS---

--- BUT I'LL SETTLE FOR YOU!
WHAT TH--- A NET!

RIGHT AGAIN, CAPT. MIDNIGHT! A NET---TO CATCH BIG GAME!
NICE GOING, BOSS. HE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THAT!
YOU'D BE SO RIGHT, GARDO, IF I DIDN'T HAVE THE ---
---DOOM-BEAM TORCH!
THE FLAMING SYMBOL OF CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT BURNS THROUGH THE ENFOLDING NET!
LET ME DO WHAT I WANTED TO DO IN THE FIRST PLACE--- AND KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!
BAM!
CRACK!
I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, CAP! THE GUN FELL UNDER THE NET!
SO THAT WAS THEIR SCHEME, EH, CAP? THEY BUILT THIS SHAFT RIGHT UP THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN AND PLANNED TO SHOOT DOWN CARGO PLANES WITH ACK-ACK FROM THE TOP!
RIGHT, ICKY! AND THEY'VE SOLVED A PROBLEM FOR US...
...BECAUSE THIS SHAFT WILL MAKE IT A CINCH FOR US TO HAUL SUPPLIES, FOR THE TELEVISION RELAY STATION RIGHT TO THE TOP! SO THANK YOU TOO, MR. SHARK.
AND THANK YOU, CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, FOR THE EXCITING WORLD-WIDE ADVENTURES YOU BRING MILLIONS OF COMICS FANS EVERY MONTH!

Hi, Pardner!

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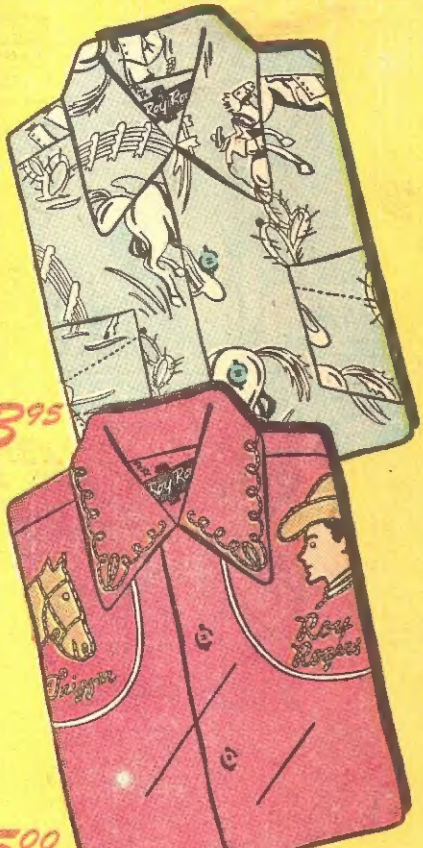

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Quantity____#555 Size:_____PRICE, $5.00 Ea.
(Give exact size — not age) In Calif. add 3% Sales Tax

Colors: (1st choice) ☐ Tan ☐ Cocoa ☐ Blue ☐ Maroon
(2nd choice) ☐ Tan ☐ Cocoa ☐ Blue ☐ Maroon

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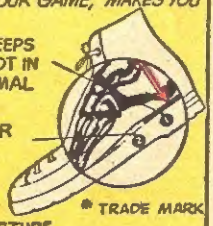

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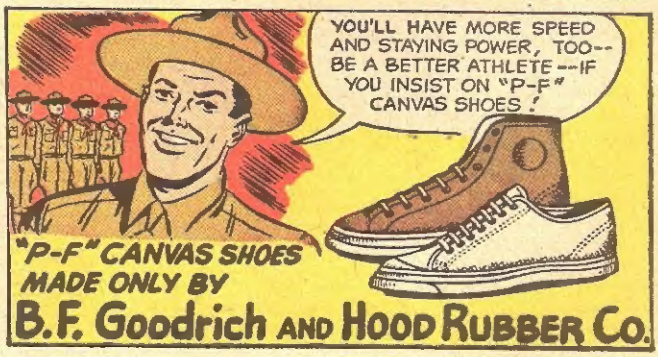
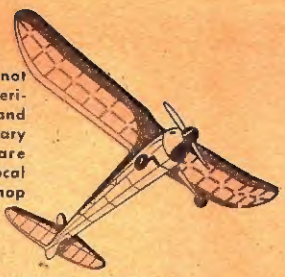


Note: These plans do not contain building materials. The balsa wood and other supplies necessary for construction are available from your local model or hobby shop



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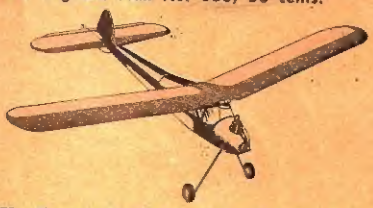

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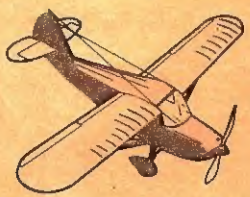

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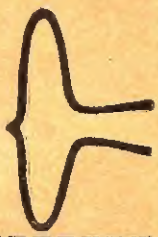

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